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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VII

MARCH 17, 1944

NO. 22

Dorr Field Cadets Of Class 44-G Celebrate Graduation At New Club

The temporary ending of elimination worries was celebrated last Friday night at 44-G's graduation dance where Cadets of all sizes, shades and description mingled with equally heterogenous wives, fiancées and acquaintances.

The Social Committee deserves much praise for the swell job they did in putting the dance over. The committee was comprised of: Cadets G. R. Rudigier, J. A. Wheeler, C. C. Gilbert and R. C. Hedberg, assisted by Mrs. J. L. Scott and Misses Marion and Betty Parker.

Miami Minx

Prominent among those present were several Miami Minx and their ardent, earnest escorts. Said Minx were: Dorothy Keyser of the Air Depot Detachment, Anita Kauffman, guest of Dorothy, Marty Warren of Miami's Technical School, Connie Henshaw, formerly secretary to Mr. Riddle, and Vadah Walker, Assistant Editor of the Fly Paper.

In constant attendance wherever the "Miami Specials" roamed, and keeping them exceptionally busy on the dance

floor, were a Cadet group the girls say were "tops." A few things, though, we can't figure out. What was all that "swordfish" talk Joe Wheeler was the center of? How did Dennis Royalty manage to dig up so many Hoosiers? Why was Charlie Brown so interested in the finer points of administering aviation advice to women?

Capt. Farmer conducted the jitterbugging contest with the skill and shrewd wisdom of a militarized Solomon. His grim, pointing finger and stony stare rapidly eliminated those who were insufficiently active and at last only Theodore A. Stoll, of the Brooklyn Stolls, and a pretty little blonde named Betty Stubblefield were left.

The dancers displayed a remarkable agility during their jitterbugging exhibition. They outjittered their many opponents and captured a purely theoretical and absolutely abstract prize.

Amid the candlelight and boogie woogie atmosphere, Billy Avery Colwell and an exotic brunette spent the evening gazing soulfully into each other's eyes . . . while at the same table was Howard Gould Kauffman, known during his college career as

"the West Coast Homewrecker" and "the Wolf of the Pacific."

One of the Fraser twins, Robert probably, performed pylon eights about two apparently unattached and defenseless young women . . . and was closing in for the kill when their be-barred, winged and ribboned husbands swooped to the rescue. Cadet Fraser hurriedly sought refuge behind the juke box and remained there the rest of the night, gazing balefully out and rejecting all attempts to subdue his aroused ire.

Donald D. Koch and a lady known as Nan were seen earnestly engrossed in the story of Koch's tour through the Ozarks . . . while Malcolm W. Hanan cast cutting glances at them.

Bombardiers of Rhythm

An African combo known as "The Bombardiers of Rhythm" furnished music for this party, and a superlative tenor sent chills up and down the spines of devotees of the nimble note and gyrating G-clef.

The two-thirty bus to Dorr was packed to the gunwhales with the bowed, the bent and the broke.



DANCING TO THE STRAINS OF THE BOMBARDIERS OF RHYTHM at the Graduation Dance of Dorr Field's Class 44-G were scores of Cadets and many a lady fair. In the foreground of the left-hand picture, left to right, are A/C T. A. Stoll and Betty Stubblefield, winners of the jitterbug contest, Lydia Sammons and A/C W. B. Robinson, Anita Kauffman and A/C W. L. Keiser, Marty Warren and A/C C. L. Brown, Vadah Walker and A/C D. M. Royalty. At the right, Miami girls who attended are pictured with a group of their hosts. Left to right are A/C Joe Wheeler, Dorothy Keyser, A/C Charles Brown, Marty Warren, A/C Frank Brookings, Vadah Walker, A/C R. A. Julian, A/C W. L. Keiser, Anita Kauffman, A/C H. S. Yates and Connie Henshaw.

Letters to the Editor

Wold Chamberlain Bldg.
U. S. Naval Air Station
Minneapolis, Minn.
March 7, 1944

Headquarters Olmstead Field
Office of Base Operations Officer
Middletown, Pa.
February 26, 1944

Dear Wain and Vadah:

I feel like a plump Mahatma Gandhi who has finally reached the conclusion of one of his celebrated hunger strikes and finally gets around to eating again. I'm getting around to writing again.

There's a terrific temptation to wax nostalgic and refer to people and events that would mean absolutely nothing except to the few veterans with armsfull of hash stripes like you, Wheeler, Hillstead, Lipe and a few others; and there are few more harassing things than having to read or listen to an old bore talk or write about the good old days and Class of '08, or, in our case, '40 and '41.

Seriously though, I want to add my letter to the hundreds of others that have been written in appreciation of the swell job you are doing with the Fly Paper. It is no exaggeration to say that it is factually "a letter from home," a home that I was lucky enough to have for almost four years.

Have you ever thought of an Alumni Box? Just notes of the latest whereabouts, news and events connected with former students and employees? I think that all of us who left the cloistered halls of E-R want to know what's become of old Ed or Mary or Dick during the past few months. It would have to be a cooperative thing.

When any one of us, readers or those still there, hears about or from an "alumnus" he would let you know and the same would appear in the box. Thus, it would act as a clearing house for those of us who want to contact friends, or just want news in general.

As you know, letters, especially to the boys overseas, are the most important thing. We've made friends, close friendships, at Embry-Riddle. I, for one, would like to keep them up and current.

Give my best to Marty, Carlton, Jean and the gang.

As ever,
Peter Ordway

Editor's Note: Peter, your letter is practically in shreds—it has been snatched from hand to hand in your old haunts, the Sales department and Office of the Dean of Admissions. No doubt Mr. Riddle will have to read it here in the Fly Paper for there won't be a scrap left when he returns from Brasil. Your Alumni news is a swell idea and we are inserting your contribution on another page of this issue. We hope many of our veterans will follow suit and send us tid-bits about our old friends.

Dear Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for continuing to send me the Fly Paper and also to notify you of my change of address.

Having changed station several times during the past few months, I didn't receive my paper regularly and consequently they piled up at my last station. I notified them of my new address and today received a number of back issues. I've gone over them with a fine-tooth comb to catch up on the news.

Lo and behold, I find an old friend of



43-B has gone over the deep end and signed the clearance for a "dual flight." Congratulations to Lt. and Mrs. William F. Rubertus of Dorr Field. My congratulations are a bit late, Bill, but blame it on the mailman—he can't keep up with my moving. Best of luck to you both from "yours of good old 43-B."

Formerly an Instructor at Clewiston and now Operations Officer here is Capt. T. C. Blodgett, who has been pouring over the Fly Paper with me. Regretfully he read the article regarding his old friend, Mr. G. W. Tyson, Jr., and would appreciate any information regarding the tragedy you might offer.

Everywhere I've gone I have encountered former students of Embry-Riddle and they all get a big kick out of the Fly Paper I receive, hunting for names of friends they knew while in training.

43-B has been scattered all over the world but I know I speak for all of them when I say we'll never forget those Carlstrom days—Jack Hobler and his engines and Mr. DeBor and his theory of flight. All our Instructors were "tops."

In closing, let me pass on a bit of advice to the students who are sick of school; all they want to do is fly.

Remember that flying the plane is but a small part. It's knowledge of why it flies and what makes it fly that counts, and right here in training is where you will get the fundamentals that you will use all during your flying career, the length of that career being determined on how much you absorb and remember.

When you are up there, in trouble and alone, remember, it's too late then to study Tech orders and what to do in case of engine failure.

Up there alone, "hot pilot" Joe had better know his business and that doesn't mean just pushing stick and rudder, or else it is the expression I'll finish this letter with, "That's all, brother."

Yours of 43-B,
Lt. Robert V. Van Trees

Editor's Note: Thanks for the nice long letter, Bob, and the note to Cadets. Your address has been corrected and we'd appreciate prompt notification of any further changes. G. Willis Tyson was fatally injured August 19 at Dale Mabry Field, Tallahassee. The wing of a P47 clipped his ship, pinning him in the cockpit. If you will look up your August 27 issue of the Fly Paper, you will find two pages of pictures of "Ty" which would interest you and Capt. Blodgett.

43rd Troop Carrier Sqd.
315 Troop Carrier Grp.
A.P.O. 638
New York, N. Y.
February 21, 1944

Dear Editor:

I am Flight Officer John J. Concannon. I was one of the first students to go through the Tech School in April, 1941. From there I went to work at Carlstrom Field.

When Riddle Field, Clewiston, was opened, I was transferred there. After Pearl Harbor I joined the Army Air Corps, put in for Glider Pilot, got my wings as Staff Sergeant and later was made Pilot Officer.

Then I was sent overseas to England, where I have run into many boys who received their flight training at Clewiston. They surely have marked up good records over here.

I had not been receiving my Fly Paper until today because you had the wrong address and rank. It's great to read about the old gang and familiar places once more. Oh, for the day that I can return!

Sincerely,
John J. Concannon

Editor's Note: Thanks for your V-mail letter and the nice account of yourself, John. Try to write us as often as possible and tell us what you can of life "over there." We're very anxious to have the Fly Paper reach our boys regularly and promptly, so it will be appreciated if you will keep us posted whenever your address changes.

Letters from England

38 Petergate
Yorks., England
January 24, 1944

Dear Sir:

On behalf of my son, Flying Officer R. P. Abbey, I am writing to express my grateful thanks for your kind and encouraging letter, together with the Identification Bracelet presented by Mr. John Paul Riddle to the best Ground School Flying Cadet.

Unfortunately, my son was killed in August last year, yet his mother and I will treasure Mr. Riddle's gift which will be a constant reminder of his happy days at Clewiston and a memento for part of the good work he did for his country and the Allied cause.

He is now among that Happy Band—British-American—to whom we owe so much.

Again many thanks and best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
R. W. Abbey

Editor's Note: James Durden sent us your letter, Mr. Abbey, and the news it brings is a great shock to us. Your son was a fine boy and an outstanding student, and, we are sure, rendered great service to his country. Our deepest sympathy to you and your wife.

Sgt. Pilot F. W. Adams
14 Beach Street
Dover, Kent, England
February 8, 1944

Dear Sir:

I am writing this in acknowledgment of the Photograph of Course 14 graduating class which you so kindly sent, and for which I thank you very much. Several of the other chaps of Course 16 have received theirs as well so you will no doubt be hearing from them in the near future, if you haven't already done so.

It was a very pleasant surprise to hear from the "old school" and I would appreciate it very much if you would forward my name and address to the editor so that she can send me the Fly Paper every week. I forgot to give it to her before I left.

Well, Sir, I hope things are still going along OK at Riddle Field and that the weather is a little cooler now than it was last summer. However, right now we could do with some of the good old Florida climate over here.

Please give my regards to all at the Field and especially to Instructor "Joe" Garcia, and tell him that my Slow Rolls are still very "ropey."

Everything is "Thumbs Up" on this side of the Atlantic and we are all waiting for the big offensive which should be opening up any time now, according to the newspapers, and you can bet when it does Course 14 will be right in there pitching.

At the moment I am on leave at the end of which I am expecting to be posted to an A.F.U. and then I hope it shan't be long before I am on operations.

Only a month ago I was standing in the garden watching a large formation of your Flying Forts returning from a raid on France, and they sure looked a fine sight flying back high over the Straits of Dover. Sometimes I can hear them dropping their bombs. As you know, Dover is only 18 miles from the enemy coast, and on a clear day we people here in Dover can even see the French coast with the naked eye.

I wish you Americans could pay us a visit some time and stand on the cliffs watching the Forts and Marauders going out and coming back. It would really give you an idea of what your boys and the RAF are doing to help put a speedy end to this struggle.

Well, Sir, owing to the shortage of space, I must close now, so carry on the good work over there and I wish you and the Field the very best of luck.

Yours sincerely,
F. W. Adams

Editor's Note: With Course 14 "right in there pitching" when the big offensive starts, we know the enemy will really have a worry on their hands. "Joe" sends his best to you and wants you to know he doesn't believe your slow rolls are "ropey," especially since you soon will be on operations.

F/O F. H. Discombe
Cemetery Road
Wellington
Somerset, England
January 24, 1944

Dear Hoppy:

Turning out an old drawer today on leave, I found dozens of copies of the old Fly Paper, and many old memories came back.

To me this seemed a grand opportunity to just write and say thanks to all you people over there who did so much to make our stay as grand as it really was.

I wonder if you could just pass on greetings to two or three people there for me—Instructors Neil Mangold, Bright and "Gunner" Brink.

I've seen some of Course 13 back here—Gwatkin for instance, who is well remembered I know.

I am at present a flying instructor, which gives you another chance to pass on to the above three my sincere apologies for any "un-nice" thoughts I possibly held against them in my darker days at No. 5.

It's grand fun getting the Fly Paper still and to see so many familiar faces and names. I was thinking just now of last Christmas Day and Palm Beach and the swimming, at the same time wondering where the heck my greatcoat had got, before going out into the wintry blasts.

Well, Hoppy, as a correspondent I am pretty bum (I think that's right, isn't it?) but once again I'd like to say thanks to you all for a wonderful time. Another reference to the Fly Paper and one I try telling to people over here: "We enjoyed a hospitality that has to be shared to be imagined."

Best of luck and good wishes to all at No. 5 and Clewiston and through to Belle Glade.

F. H. (Dizzy to some) Discombe
Yours sincerely,

Editor's Note: We thank you, "Instructor" Discombe, for your nice letter—and congratulations on your quick promotion. We also thank Jack Hopkins, former Riddle editor, for sending us his letter.

R.A.F. Station
Harrogate, England
January 18, 1944

Dear Mr. Durden:

I wish to acknowledge receipts of the photograph of the graduation of Course 14, for which I am greatly indebted to you.

I would like to avail myself of this opportunity to thank the staff and instructors at Riddle Field for making our stay in America so enjoyable.

Let us hope the training will enable us soon to finish the job that has been undertaken.

Yours truly,
T. W. Bamacle
Pilot Officer

Editor's Note: Thanks for letting us know that the photo reached you in good time, P/O Bamacle. We hope you will write again soon and tell us something of what you have been doing since you left Riddle Field. Most of the Course 14 boys receive the Fly Paper, and we know they will be interested in your letters.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you weekly, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name _____

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EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

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Faith In Action

by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorr Field

The following is an excerpt from the sermon preached at Dorr Field on Sunday, March 5th, 1944.

During the weeks preceding Easter, it is appropriate that we reconsider our religious faith with the purpose of strengthening its foundations and deepening its meaning. I like what Dr. George A. Buttrick said about faith: "Faith is not believing despite the evidence; it is daring something despite the consequences." That definition properly places faith in the realm of action.

The heroism displayed by American soldiers on the battle fronts of the world is an example of daring something despite the consequences. That is a demonstration of faith—faith in America, in freedom, in God.

Faith is operative every day. You have faith in your instructor's ability to fly. You trust the plane or you would never climb into it. You have faith in the ability of the mechanics who repair the planes and in the inspectors who check them. Faith is a psychological necessity.

If there were not some things we could be certain of, our personalities would burst like a toy balloon from the inner tension of conflicting stimuli, emotions and drives. Faith is likewise a social necessity. If we could not trust each other, communal life would be impossible.

My text is taken from Matthew 14:30-31: "But when he (Peter) saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, 'Lord save me!' And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, and said unto him, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"

You recall the incident as Peter's attempt to walk on the water. He looked at the angry waves and began to sink, but when

Continued on Page 12

Tactless Taxiing

Approximately 12 out of every 100 aircraft grounded for accident repairs are there because of inexcusable carelessness in taxiing. Inexcusable, because taxiing accidents are almost 100 percent avoidable.

Take this typical example. A pilot was taxiing a P-51 down the strip after landing. The strip turned, the pilot didn't. Result—one smashed propeller. A propeller smashed for only one reason: an ignorantly inefficient pilot who did not feel it necessary to "ess" turn as he taxied down a comfortably wide strip.

The manufacturers of the P-51 have provided it with many automatic features: automatic oil shutter, automatic coolant shutter control, automatic tail wheel lock. It, or any plane, has not been provided, as yet, with automatic taxiing.

It's Easy

Taxiing, obviously, is one of the easiest functions of piloting. Any pilot who can't taxi an airplane has no business flying it. If he cannot keep his plane from getting smashed up on the ground where an accident is the result of sheer carelessness, he can hardly be trusted in the air where the problems are more critical, the demands on skill more severe.

Taxiing accidents take many forms, but most boil down to pilot error. Most frequently occurring are those in which the pilot jolts down the runway at an excessive speed, failing to "ess" turn and eventually hitting something or nosing over while trying to avoid a smash-up.

No airplane is designed as a ground racer; no airplane is under complete control when taxied too fast. No pilot, moreover, is considered "hot" for whizzing down the runway. Such behavior is the mark of a rank amateur.

Professionals have nothing but scorn for the pilot who taxies carelessly. Professionals taxi as they fly, with full respect for the problem at hand. If vision is obstructed they "ess" turn, back and forth slowly, clearing the strip so that all obstructions are visible.

—Hq. AAF Office of Flying Safety

FOUND

A gold class ring of the year 1936 with three initials engraved inside was found on the grounds back of the Tech School. Cashier Pauline Bodell has the ring in her possession and will relinquish it to the owner upon proper identification.

Peter Ordway's Alumni Notes

JOHN ORDWAY—First Aircraft and Engine student at Tech, now an Engineering officer. His address is Lt. John Ordway, 61st Fighter Squadron, APO 637, New York, N. Y.

BETTY ORDWAY—Former Radio student and now a Nurse's Aide in Washington, D. C.

PETER ORDWAY—Our former Dean of Admissions (he modestly excluded himself), now an Ensign in the Navy at Wold Chamberlain Airport, Minneapolis, Minn.

WALTER SHEEAN—One of our first Technical students and later a Flight student, now an Ensign at NAS, New Orleans, La.

MARK PARROTT—Former Flight student. Last word was that he was going through boot training in the Marine Corps at Parris Island, S. C.

JOHNNY FOUCHE—Former Dispatcher at Chapman Field. Last heard from IUT, NAS, New Orleans, La.

P. S.—Peter also advises us that he read in the Fly Paper of Poli Sheean's taking Flight instruction at the Seaplane Base. Poli is Walter's younger brother and, to the best of his knowledge, the first to follow in his older brother's footsteps at E-R. He hopes there'll be many more.

Editor's Note: on page two of this issue Peter's clever letter to the editors suggests an Alumni column—so please send us news of our former students and employees.

Carnival Is Mardi Gras Of Sao Paulo, Brasil Says Charles Maydwell

In case you don't know, "Carnival" in São Paulo is similar to "Mardi Gras" in New Orleans. Dances every night until Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent. The parades with their floats were out this year on account of the War, but judging by last night there is still plenty doing.

We went to the Odeon, which had an enormous ballroom and two orchestras. I had trouble ordering and said to the waiter, "Wait until the 'barallio' stops." He replied, "It doesn't stop." And it didn't—one orchestra took up as the other finished and that went on from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Opened Their Hearts

The Brazilians took us right to their hearts. One chap with four girls at an adjoining table took the trouble to come over and urge me to take my senhorita, Mary Swank, onto the dance floor. Several times they good-naturedly formed a circle around us—and once a blonde youngster, very pretty, danced up in front of me and rattled off something. It sounded very much like "mama's pet" in English. Then she came back, "Why not, I'm ingles. Tell me you love Churchill."

Peppy Waltzes

Mary Swank can dance. I particularly enjoyed two Viennese waltzes played with the pep these orchestras down here put into them. You would have got a big kick out of the costumes—beautiful gowns on beautiful girls—slacks on others just as pretty, in some instances rolled to the knee—grass-clad beauties looking much like Hawaiians and up to all the twists and turns of the native girls. Girls right out of Turkish harems, some of them plump enough to look like they belonged. All of them continually at it in pairs, groups and singly, until my partner said, "How do they keep it up? Wouldn't you think they'd drop?"



DINING AT THE TERMINUS HOTEL IN SÃO PAULO ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY. Marie Williams (extreme left) entertained in honor of her Embry-Riddle associates and we have Charlie Maydwell to thank for sending us the picture. From left to right are Mrs. Williams, Mr. Maydwell, J. V. D. Perrine, James and Irene Koger, Fred and Lucile Foote, Willard Hurst, Albert Williams, Florence Williams, Mr. Schlittler of São Paulo, Mrs. Perrine, Harold Williams, J. B. Harden, Mrs. Schlittler, and Joseph M. Troxell.

NEW CARLSTROM FIELD, REBUILT AFTER NINETEEN YEARS, WILL CELEBRATE ITS THIRD ANNIVERSARY NEXT WEEK

One summer evening in 1940, when John Paul Riddle was dining with Stephan H. Zachar, the artist responsible for the architectural beauty of the two white cities on Big Prairie, he discussed certain construction problems and how to solve them. At the end of the discussion he said, "I may have something interesting for you to work out soon."



JOHN PAUL RIDDLE

At midnight about two months later Mr. Zachar was awakened by a telephone call from Mr. Riddle, who asked him to come over to his house the following morning to discuss the rebuilding of Carlstrom Field at Arcadia, Fla.

At that time John Paul Riddle did not have a contract with the Government, nor had he completed arrangements for financing the project; but he did have courageous determination, practical vision, ardent singleness of purpose and, most important of all, he had faith in himself and in the predestined success of a new Carlstrom Field.

Inspiring

Mr. Riddle had received information as to the type of school the Army expected to build. As soon as Stephan Zachar learned of the type of buildings required by the Army, he told Mr. Riddle that an architect would not be needed to build such a field. Then Mr. Zachar added, "Why not construct something different? Why build barracks that offer only a place to sleep and protection from the inclemency of the weather? Why not give the boys a home?"

John Paul Riddle had been asking himself similar questions. He remembered the uninviting ugliness and discomfort of Army barracks, at Carlstrom Field in 1922, after a long day filled with hard study and the nervous tension of flying.

The new Carlstrom Field would be designed to inspire students to better work and greater effort in the business of becoming America's sky fighters. Stephan Zachar

set to work immediately, so that sketches of the proposed new Carlstrom Field would be in the mail by five o'clock that same day in time to reach Army headquarters before the deadline.

In a short time the Army approved the sketches, and more detailed plans were under way. Both Mr. Riddle and Mr. Zachar wanted to provide for the Cadets at Carlstrom Field the best in American architectural traditions; so they chose the Early American Williamsburg type of architecture with its blue and white color scheme, its simplicity of line and its aura of tradition.

The buildings were plotted around a circle. This plan permitted the grouping of each facility of the school within a conveniently short radius of the center of the circle. Remembering the paucity of wholesome recreation at Camp Carlstrom during his student days, Mr. Riddle asked that tennis courts and a swimming pool be included in the circle of the New Carlstrom Field.

Blueprints

On Thanksgiving Day, 1940, Mr. Riddle flew to Arcadia with a sketch of this plan. He met representatives of the County Commission, the City Council and the Chamber of Commerce on the commodious veranda of the Arcadia House. Paul P. Speer, George Stonebraker, Henry Avant, Nate Reece, Jr., Ed C. Welles, W. E. Dunwoody, Louis Bishop and Dr. Aurin represented the City and County organizations. John G. McKay, Sr., Len Povey, Stephan Zachar and contractor Frank Wheeler accompanied Mr. Riddle. The sketch of the proposed field was laid out on a table and studied.

There were many problems, but Mr. Reece and Mr. Speer, spokesmen for the Town and County, promised that the Arcadians would give their utmost assistance in the building of roads, lending equipment such as graders, tractors and mowers, and that they would furnish the labor to clear the Field. Many meetings followed between the committeemen and Mr. Riddle, Mr. McKay and Mr. Povey.

No Pipe Dream

In describing those early meetings, Mr. Reece said, "Mr. Riddle had the knack of making people like him and he spoke with authority. Mr. Povey gained our confidence with his practical approach to every problem. As time went on, we saw that the reestablishment of Carlstrom Field was not a pipe dream. As we became more and more interested, all the bitterness caused by previous disappointments evaporated and we began having good times together, building Carlstrom Field."

The work of clearing the Field began on a sunny day in December, 1940. It was a red letter day for Arcadia's Aviation Committee. All its members and many other citizens of Arcadia were out on the Field

in a holiday mood in the early morning to assist Contractor Wheeler, and to discuss problems as they arose.

They built fires to drive out the rattlesnakes and had a field day killing them. Ed Welles loaned a pony and George Stonebraker a saddle to Frank Wheeler to facilitate his supervision of the work. Mr. Stonebraker also loaned a pump and assisted in getting other machinery. The owner of the land adjoining old Carlstrom Field was present and the Committee negotiated with him for further extension of the Field.

Whoops of Joy

The County sent in a crew of convicts to clear away the palmettoes. The City and County together produced a rotary mower. When the first swath of grass, three-fourths of a mile long and three hundred feet wide, was cut, several of those present could not restrain whoops of joy, for at last their years of working and planning were materializing.

After the Field was cleared, the next problems attacked were those of drainage and utilities. Crews were put to work digging drainage ditches, drilling wells from two hundred to four hundred feet deep, and extending electrical current from Arcadia.

The work of actual construction began the end of the month. The contract called for the completion of the work by February 15, 1941. Mr. Wheeler garnered labor from Miami, West Palm Beach and other nearby towns, besides employing all he could find in the immediate vicinity.

Rush Job

When Edward Strong, Mr. Wheeler's assistant, was asked how the work was systematized, he replied, "We didn't have any system. It was to be a rush job so everyone just pitched in and did whatever he could. We needed about two hundred seventy-five carpenters and plasterers."

Carlstrom Field was not troubled by strikes. For a time Mr. Wheeler employed three shifts, one working at night by fluorescent lights. Sub-contractors attended to their own labor needs. Mr. Wheeler paid his employees the standard union wages. At the peak of the building program his weekly payroll amounted to approximately six thousand dollars.

Within a month's time building materials were being unloaded at the Field, concrete blocks from West Palm Beach, lumber which had been brought in from Florida,

IN MEMORIAM

A/C EDWARD J. HAINES

Carlstrom Field

March 11, 1944

In the Service of His Country

Georgia, Tennessee and Carolina. Contracts for plumbing, electrical work and mill work were given to the J. B. Green Plumbing and Equipment Company, Sarasota, the J. R. Hime Electric Company and the Gate City Lumber Supply Company, respectively.

Plastering was done by J. Milone of Miami; the Acme Supply Company of Miami handled the roofing and sheet metal work; the Touby Painting Company, Miami, did most of the painting and the hangars were furnished by the Star Manufacturing Company of Oklahoma City.

Official

On Sunday, January 19, 1941, the War Department issued an official confirmation of the establishment of a Primary Training School at old Camp Carlstrom. By the third week of January, Carlstrom Field was enveloped in a laboring surge of derricks, graders, bulldozers, men and trucks.

About a dozen large buildings were under way, and several under roof; excavations for a swimming pool thirty by seventy-five feet had started; steel had arrived for two

large hangars and a steel control tower was under construction. Later four more hangars were to be built, of a new radical type design so that wind resistance would be at a minimum.

Mile Square

The giant circle within which the buildings were being erected was located north of and adjoining old Carlstrom Field. The latter had been cleared to serve as a mile-square landing field. When finished, this giant circle would enclose barracks, administration building, classrooms, recreational buildings, mess hall and hospital. The smaller center circle formed by the buildings was to be used for tennis courts and the swimming pool with its cabaña and surrounding terrace.

The barracks were to be low one-story buildings, each designed to accommodate forty-eight students. Every room was to have a tile bath and shower, a separate entrance, study facilities and lockers. The plans showed that the administration building would be eight by sixty-two feet and would have columns, a portico and a cupola,

reminiscent of spinets, powdered wigs and horse-drawn landolets.

The mess hall was to be 230 by 140 feet; the ground school and infirmary 205 feet four inches by 36 feet and six inches; the recreation building 100 feet eight inches by 87 feet; and each hangar with space for workshops, supply rooms and ready rooms would be 120 by 224 feet, and each would have the capacity for housing 30 primary training planes.

Old Glory

On the cloudy Sunday afternoon, February 16, a derrick raised a 35-foot steel pole and set it in a fresh concrete base. In a few moments the Stars and Stripes climbed slowly up the pole and unfurled gently in the cool prairie breezes. For the first time since 1922, the Red, White and Blue floated over Carlstrom Field.

Actual flying started at Carlstrom Field March 22, 1941, and next week's issue will be devoted to the third anniversary of our Carlstrom Primary Flight Training program.



THE SECOND DAWNING OF CARLSTROM FIELD

DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

LOOK PROUD, MISTER!

Look proud, Mister! You have been a member of the Army Air Forces just one year. Well, about half of the cadets now in primary have been in a year.

Let's look over the past year, and reminisce. You remember the induction center, and the trip to the basic training center. Did you go through Keesler Field, or was it Miami Beach? Atlantic City? It had to be one of the three.

Basic training—how could we ever forget?

We Wrote Home . . .

"Dear Mom:

I received my clothing issued today. It's no trip to Hollywood, but that will come in due time.

This week we are scheduled for mental and physical exams. We shall probably drill a lot and have several lectures. I understand that there will be a stiff physical training program.

Gee, this is a changeable climate. If it isn't raining, I am choking from the dust. I've never seen so much sand in my life . . ."

That Was It!

Yes, that was basic training. The glamour of the Air Corps suddenly vanished. I don't know whether it was the K.P., or that slave-driving sergeant; but I changed my mind about the "wild blue yonder."

One beautiful day we were told that we weren't going to die of old age at basic training. No, Uncle Sam hadn't forgotten us. We were going to a College Training Detachment. Perhaps we weren't quite sure what that was, but we were ready.

We owe a lot to our C.T.D. There we learned about all that could be pounded in—plus a clearer comprehension of mili-

tary organizations. The most important thing of all was our first taste of flying. Sure, some of us had previous hours but not the Army way. There was open post, and the date with the co-eds. We were happy when we shipped for Nashville, but we would never forget C.T.D.

Nashville! What a relief when we saw our classification as pilot! We had lived in morbid fear of the psycho-motors, the ARMA, the mental and the physical, but we made the grade. Gee, didn't that cadet issued look sharp! We made it! We were full-fledged cadets. In no time at all, we were off to Maxwell.

Iron discipline—that's what we think of when we think of Maxwell. How we shook in our C.I.s when those "Zebras" barked: "Pop to, Mister!" We were drilled until our feet developed brains of their own and automatically responded to "Ten-hut!" Let's not overlook the ground school, the frequent "drum-outs" or P.T. with its famed Burma Road.

"Greetings"

Some of us were held over an additional month, but we didn't mind the furloughs one bit. We didn't see the old gang though; our buddies had received that large brown envelope containing "Greetings, . . ." We had become well acquainted with Montgomery by the time we left for Primary. How we anticipated our next station.

Here we are. It didn't seem so long, did it? One year. Well, it was worth it. The real goal is still pretty far off, but the one thing we have learned it "how to wait." Hurry up, and wait.

I guess you want to know what all this adds up to. Well, Buddy, if the Army hasn't tossed a million dollars' worth of information in your lap, it's time you were a general.

DORR FIELD DAY

Dorr Field will be host to Carlstrom Field's Cadets, Class 44-H, in a big athletic field day on Wednesday, March 22. Capt. Wilson McCormick and his staff from Carlstrom are cooperating with Lt. C. P. Cameron, Dorr's Athletic Director, and Lt. Clair E. McLaughlin, Special Services Officer at Dorr, to make this a really big day.

The Events

Events will be based upon the program of athletics given Aviation Cadets in their training at the two primary fields and will include basketball, football, volleyball, tennis, swimming, diving, track and field, softball, obstacle course race, tug-o-war, badminton, horseshoes and ping pong. There will be several novelty races and events added that will lend to the fun.

The Field Day will start at 9:30 and after a full morning of preliminaries, a lunch will be served at the Mess Hall Patio for all contestants. The finals will be held in the afternoon and at 5 o'clock prizes will be awarded the individual team champions, and the Field with the most wins will be awarded the championship trophy.

Carlstrom-Dorr Trophy

Also to be included will be the five events that make up the competition for the Carlstrom-Dorr Trophy. This award is a traveling trophy given after the regular monthly classic between the two schools—touch football, volleyball, basketball, softball and tennis. Dorr Field now has that trophy by virtue of the four-to-one beating they gave Carlstrom last month. Capt. McCormick of Carlstrom has sworn vengeance and will have his boys in top shape to return the trophy to Auxiliary Field No. 1!



ACTING AS HOTESSES AT THE DORR FIELD GRADUATION DANCE last Friday were a group of girls from the Miami Divisions of Embry-Riddle. They are pictured at the left with Cadets of Class 44-G. Seated, left to right, are A/C W. L. Keiser, A/C B. E. Goode, A/C Charles Brown, Marty Warren, A/C Dennis Royalty, Vadah Walker and A/C Frank Brookings. Standing are A/C Earle D. Hightower and Connie Henshaw. In the right hand picture are a group of Dorr Field officers and their wives. Left to right, facing the camera, are Lt. and Mrs. Melvin Kahn, Major James L. Curnutt, commanding officer of Dorr, Capt. Joseph I. Palmer and Mrs. Curnutt. With their backs to the camera are Lt. and Mrs. Abraham Bobrick.

Whitnall Wit

by Jack Whitnall

What Instructor fines his Cadets the sum of five cents each time they fail to get their stick back on a landing? Overheard in the Canteen, "Wouldn't Harold Kerns look distinguished with a Van Dyke beard?" Editor's note: Haw. Haw.



Jack

The out-eatingest Instructor at Dorr has been chosen. It is none other than Sumner Knight—breakfast at 7, 8 and 9, lunch at 12, 1 and 2. As yet we haven't talked with Mrs. Knight as to what hour he quits eating supper.

For the most dilapidated automobile at the Post, Kid McCoy takes first prize. To the young lady who asked us last week who that roly-poly little man was, for her information, that is none other than H. E. "Pappy" Hudson at 215 lbs., Squadron Commander of Flight 2 44-H.

Eye Strain

Edna Mae Whidden had the misfortune last week of having a bad eye, caused by looking at a certain Cadet too long no doubt. Don Herrera, Lee Pike and Hamlin singing "Sailing, Sailing Over the Bounding Main." We understand that Lee Pike was just a little bit worried about those large size waves that can come from nowhere out in the Gulf.

While passing the Arcadia House t'other day we heard Vadah Walker laughing gaily. She was, of course, on the third floor. (Assistant Editor's note: It was the *second* floor, Jack, and you're in the Dog House for not stopping to say hello.)

The Army Side

At the recent basketball match between the Main Field and our Auxiliary (Carlstrom) the Main Field completely annihilated the Auxiliary Field and we do mean annihilated. Three of the enlisted men from the Auxiliary Field are in line for the Purple Heart for injuries received in line of duty.

Major Clonts has challenged us to a return match which has been accepted (ain't they a glutton for punishment) and Capt. Palmer, Dorr Field sawbones, has graciously consented to loan the two Dorr ambulances, one gallon of tincture of arnica, plenty of splints and bandages, two pairs of crutches, a wheel chair, ammonia and two wooden legs. Also requisitioned are three pretty good looking blonde Army nurses from the Base Hospital at Hendricks Field.

Just why is it that Chaplain Shonfelt always wants to swap jobs with the front gate guard every Wednesday evening at 6:30, just when all the Cadet wives are com-

ing in for a visit? We have never muscled in on any of his marriage ceremonies.

W/O Flannigan claims that he does not snore. We agree with him—he just rumbles . . . snoring is too delicate a word.

The Army BT is claimed to be the noisiest airplane on the Field. Maybe, but it has nothing on that thing that Sgt. Gordon calls an automobile, with smoke screen attachment.

Note to Mrs. Farmer: Does the Captain ever bring home any of those big fish that he *claims* to have caught?

We wish to thank Lt. Rubertus for returning our grass cutter, which he borrowed three months ago, so promptly. Most any day we expect him to return our shovel, rake, screwdriver, lawnmower, 2 lbs. flour, garden hose, 1 can of dog food, 1 pair of socks and 10 cents in cash.

Lt. Cameron in trouble again. Last Saturday night while serving as A.O. For all details ask the Lieutenant.

All Dorr extends sympathy to Lee Pike upon the recent death of his father.

Tol'ably yours,
Jack

P.S. What made the penny stamp? Because the piano forte. Corny, ain't it?

You Can Do This!

by A/C James A. Null, Jr.

Misters, recall the many times that you've sat down and said, "Sure, Dorr Field is OK, but there's not much to do in Arcadia"? Well, that is mainly your own fault, because the good people of Arcadia have provided many things for your entertainment on Open Post nights.

Just for instance, at the Methodist Church recreation room there are ping-pong tables, shuffleboard, checkers and writing material for you to while away your time. And homemade cookies, cakes and punch "just like Mother used to make!"

Friendly Reception

As you go into the friendly atmosphere of the room, Mrs. Rhodes, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Wyatt or Mrs. Shaver greets you; then you meet a member of the fairer sex who entertains you for the remainder of the evening.

Chaplain Shonfelt, who has always done more than we realize to see that our Open Post periods are filled with entertainment, recommends it wholeheartedly.

So, this Saturday evening at around 1930 (or if you still can't decipher Army time—it's 7:30 p.m.) at the corner of Oak street and Orange avenue stop in at the Methodist Church recreation room. I'm sure you'll enjoy it.



HAZEL R. DISHONG

Hazel R. Dishong Is Lady of the Week

Our Postmistress, Hazel R. Dishong, came to Dorr a few months after the Field was organized and opened the branch post office on March 16, 1942.

A comparison on this anniversary date will show a tremendous increase in the volume of business, both incoming and outgoing, since those early days. Each month thousands of packages and letters pour in for the pilot trainees and thousands of dollars in money orders are written by Mrs. Dishong.

Some say Hazel is partial to the month of March because the post office at Dorr was opened then, but methinks the fact that 19 years ago this month she married John L. Dishong, Jr., now with Tamiami Tours, Inc., may play a big part in her selection.

Looks After Mom

Any conversation with Hazel also will bring some reference to David, her all-boy son—he's a fine fellow of 12 and for the most part seems to take pretty good care of his "mom."

A native of Manchester, Ga., the attractive blue-eyed brownette is very popular with both military and civilian personnel. She has a cheery word for everyone and a definitely subtle wit oftentimes in evidence.

The bugaboo of her life seems to be Jack Whitnall's threats to "put" her in the Fly Paper. Her favorite sports are swimming and fishing in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and, if it can be arranged, she and her son would like to spend two weeks there next summer.

Finally, in looking back over the Cadet classes that have trained at Dorr Field, Hazel says she can notice little difference in Class 44-H and the classes that were here two years ago—about the only thing, in her opinion, is that today's fellows are possibly a bit younger.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.F.T.S.

Matt Tierney, Editor

Associate Editors: Jeanne O'Neill, Neil Dwyer, Lois Hefflin, Jock Moyes, Ruth Blount, Walter Todd, Arthur Rushworth, Bill Hayman and Francis Sharples

COURSE 17

All who could spare time off from study went to the Sugarland Auditorium last Thursday and were entertained by the very excellent show of the West Palm Beach Concert Party. Every performer was so good that none can be singled for special praise. We hope that a return visit can be arranged before long for the benefit of those who could not attend.

A and B Flights were disappointed this week end to have their long cross country to the Mississippi cancelled because of impending bad weather, especially since under the able, and often witty, navigation instruction of F/Lt. Bruce Smith a good time as well as a good show was expected by all.

"Charles" Garrett had a letter from home recently in which his mother praised the efforts of Course 17 toward the Fly Paper, saying what a grand link it makes with those at home. Others have had similar letters, and we are grateful to Embry-Riddle for their arrangements to have the paper so expeditiously posted.

We are all glad to see that Ron Chadwick has rebuilt his moustache, which has been a most absent part of the horizon for so long. We trust there will be no further misadventures resulting in a second loss.

From the events in Palm Beach last week end, it appears that Course 19 made much of their first visit. Johnny Rogers of the Junior Course was suitably im-

RIDDLE FIELD DRIVE

George Sloan of Personnel has accepted appointment as chairman of the Red Cross Drive at Riddle Field. He has the willing assistance of all department heads.

pressed, and his enthusiasm made us feel sorry that we shortly will be seeing it for the last time.

We have all had good times there, thanks to the efforts of Mrs. NeSmith and Mrs. Thomas, and will never forget the kindness of these ladies of America.

COURSE 18

The past week represented the halfway stage. Halfway to those elusive Wings, half along the blessed track, this sacred course, this Elysian existence. Bung Ho.

It seems but a fleeting hour since first our eyes caught the glorious panorama of Clewiston with all its multitudinous beauties. Fourteen weeks, my friends, or eternity to the hourglass.

We are indeed thankful to Mr. Gadabout Gaddis, that eminence of rod and line, who has twice recently visited us and besides projecting his true to life fishing films has astounded us all with his flyline accuracy to the extent of extracting a cigarette (Chesterfield) from the gaping and carp-ing mouth of a Cadet. (Junior Course.)

COURSE 19

Cadet A. Newton-Adair is now the proud successor of F. H. Sharples who has in the past taken a great part in making our Fly Paper a success. Many thanks to Cadet Sharples and success to Cadet Newton-Adair in his future Fly Paper work.

We were all disappointed about not getting to Palm Beach over the week end, but next time we're there we will, no doubt, make up for lost time.

Several of the boys journeyed to Belle Glade yesterday to play golf but unfortunately were rained out. They included Cadets T. Whiteley and Thomas. Others journeyed to Pahokee, being entertained by friends who took them to visit the Indian Village and the Orange Groves.

Many of the boys in the course may be seen walking about the Campus with long faces, and foremost in the band is the

venerable "Jock" MacTaggart Chisholm. It seems to have "Slain Him Completely." The reason for this is: "No St. Patrick's Dance" for "B" Flight.

SPORTS

The Riddle Field basketball team closed its season on Thursday night, playing host to LaBelle at Clewiston High School and dropping a very close decision 24-23. Lou Place turned in his usual fine performance, scoring 8 points, while Jimmy Taylor ran a close second with 3 field goals and a foul. Mart Feldman, Gerry Cook, Phil McCracken and Larry Waldon played well on the floor and organized a fine passing attack.

The warm weather is near at hand and the basketball uniforms are laid away for another season. The boys became panicky, fearing bulging pouches, but Mr. Robinson of Meteorology, the coordinator of athletics, came to the rescue and outlined a plan for a softball league that met with spontaneous approval.

The athletic committee has hopes of a 10 league team representing the AT and PT Flight Lines, the Maintenance department, the Ground School, the Link department and officers of the Field and students.

The league will start with a double-header on March 28th at Riddle Field.

*Keep your ears open, also your eyes,
Down through the years you'll grow wise!*



IN A MOMENT OF RELAXATION between classes, we find Jack Burch, Link Instructor, and Harold Cowlishaw, Navigation Instructor, taking a breath of Florida air. Jack holds his ever present cigar.



FIRST OFFICER BOB OHLINGER is an Advanced Flight Instructor at Riddle Field

TECH TALK

by Lil Clayton

Can you imagine my slipping up to the extent of having to write this column myself? My apologies to you-all! Having been so taken up with greeting the glamour from the Colonnade, I completely forgot about it when, all at once, it occurred to me that the Colonnade Cannonade's loss is Tech Talk's gain.



Lil

So get thee on thy marks, former Colonnaders! When you see me approaching your new quarters, it won't always be to pick one of you to furnish the chit-chat under the above heading. But then, it might be!

Good Chow

Speaking of glamour, Frances Weist, of our Identification department, when asked how she liked being at Tech School replied: "I like it a lot, the food is good."

Have you all met Marie Jewett, John Kille's secretary? If her efficiency equals her attractiveness, our bosses will be envying you, Mr. Kille.

My visit to the Payroll department naturally brought on the usual line from Ray Lipe. New Time Sheets and instructions therefor, not to mention warnings in the definite Lipe manner. Some of us, never having punched Time Clocks before, will get a huge kick out of it, Ray!

Our Purchasing department finally has settled down on the fifth floor and, in spite of the minus-phones-plus-fresh-paint condition, the hellos and smiles are as cheerful as ever. I'll always say that when better dispositions are invented, my bet is still on Edna Callahan. But imagine Edna without a phone for two days!

In addition to our greetings to the Colonnaders who have moved over, we wish to welcome J. A. Reece, our new Assistant to the Director. You'll be hearing more about Mr. Reece.

Roses and Orchids

Two anniversaries in the Mimeograph department and both are those of Frances Tolman. The beautiful roses on her desk were for her seventh wedding anniversary and here's orchids to her for her one year anniversary with the Company. Congratulations, Frances. When better service and neater work are received from Mimeograph, it will be under the supervision of Mrs. Tolman.

Completely out of this world is Karen Draper's six weeks old "Toasty," a cocker spaniel of the same color. "Toasty," when this writer saw him, was completely oblivious to anyone's suggestions for names nor was he interested in any conversation. He was reclining very comfortably in Karen's arms. Need I explain further?

Farewell to our most recent bride, Chauffeurette Martha Cooper Warga, who is leaving us to take up her duties as housekeeper. We'll miss you, Martha. To Driver Harold Love, who is wending his way northward, give my regards to Fifth Avenue when you go through little old New York.

Laid Low

The recent damp and cool weather has taken its usual toll and among those laid low are Fredda Pointevint, the incendiary blonde from the seventh floor, and Lorraine Bosley of Brazilian Personnel whose voice, at present writing, is more a series of lost chords than the melodious voice we associate with Lorraine.

Although the weather has laid its finger on our Editor, Wain Fletcher, she is nevertheless on deck. I believe her present condition might be due to a combination of weather and income tax.

Your figuring will be a toss-up, Wain, as far as the Collector is concerned. Having been overly conscientious on your own tax return will probably make up for the slip-ups on "Miss Alice" Richard's return, seein's it's all in the family. (Imagine making the same payment twice!) Here's hoping your new address won't be the jailhouse in Atlanta!

From The Seventh Floor

Gene: Do you know the favorite song of the stable boy?

Helen: No.

Gene: Mares eat oats.

Now that I've kept myself out of the doghouse, I'll breathe six sighs of relief. Oh, what have we got here? That tall, dark and pretty new Messenger is Josephine Hicks. What pretty brown eyes you have, Josephine.

Modern maiden's prayer: "Dear Lord, bring him back safe, sound and single!"



NINETEEN YEAR OLD MURIEL LOERTSCHER proudly displays the birthday cake that was presented to her in the Mail Room last Friday. Muriel is a messenger and is known as "that ball of speed."



COLONEL CLOVIS TREVASOS, center, new Brazilian Air Attache, stops at the Tech School on his way to Washington. Accompanied by Major Guillermo Moscoso, M.I.S., he is greeted by Assistant Vice-President Carl R. Anderson. Before visiting Tech, Col. Clovis made a tour of the Fields at Arcadia and Clewiston.

ADVERTISING CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Officers and Board of Directors of the Advertising Club of Miami met at Tech last week for luncheon and discussion of the development of Greater Miami's potential industries.

Club members are a group of aggressive, civic minded people connected with the advertising business who will use their influence and resources to continue to exploit the natural resort advantages of Miami and foster industrial growth.

The purposes of the Club will be accomplished by the promotion of good fellowship and cooperation among its membership and all individuals interested in advertising and selling, by providing the means of bringing to its members and the community national viewpoints and experience as applied to up-to-date business problems, by effecting a program to bring about an interchange of information pertaining to specific sales and advertising problems, and by furthering the observance of their slogan, "Truth in Advertising."

Directors of the Club include Carl R. Anderson, Assistant Vice President of Embry-Riddle; Mrs. Faye Parker, Advertising Manager of Richard's; Mrs. William Cann, Vice President of Engraver's, Inc.; Robert E. Clarke of Robert Clarke and Associates; and Joseph Arthner, owner of Ace Letter Service.

Newly elected officers are: John A. Dey, Vice President of Grant Advertising Agency, President; Miss Virginia Griffin, Advertising Manager of Burdine's, Vice President; George M. Baker, Florida Power and Light Company, Second Vice President; Miss Barbara Brown, Manager of the local Christian Science Monitor office, Secretary; and Fred Mizer, Station Manager of WQAM, Treasurer.

Consider The Weather Warns Correspondent From Union City, Tenn.

All of us talk a great deal about weather. Rain, snow, hail, blizzards and thunderstorms all affect our lives in one way or another but with the exception of the most severe storms or floods, we are usually able to survive as long as we can seek shelter on the ground.

In flight, conditions are quite different. We are at the mercy of the elements. Therefore, the pilot must consider weather every time he leaves or plans to leave the ground. To fly safely and efficiently a pilot must consider factors such as:

1. Surface winds which may affect take-offs and landings.
2. Winds in the upper levels which may affect the navigation of the aircraft.
3. Ice which may form on the aircraft or in the carburetor.
4. Rough air or "bumpiness" which may affect the piloting or cause structural damage.
5. Fog which may form during flight and lower visibility, making a safe landing impossible.
6. Air pressure and temperature changes due to shifting air masses which may cause the altimeter to give an altitude reading higher or lower than the actual altitude of the aircraft.

It becomes highly important, then, that every pilot develop the ability to interpret weather and clouds while in the air, to decide on a safe course of action to follow, and also to make intelligent use of advance information on flight weather which is furnished him by the Air Corps Weather Service and the United States Weather Bureau.

In order to help Cadets accomplish this goal, the brief course here endeavors to give a clear understanding of the need for learning everything possible about weather and how to interpret and use intelligently the vast amount of scientific weather information available to flyers. At Basic Schools the various principles underlying changes in weather are taken up.

Briefly we shall summarize the phase of work given at this station. Reports are made up and sent out across a vast network of teletype circuits giving weather reports from hundreds of weather observation stations across the country. The reports are sent out each hour of the day and night.

To the flyer a great deal of valuable information can be secured here. A report when interpreted might read thus. Union City, Contact flying, estimated ceiling 2000 feet, high overcast, lower broken clouds, visibility six miles, light snow showers, hazy, barometric pressure 1015.2 millibars, temperature 28°F dewpoint 26, wind from the northwest at 12 miles per hour and alti-



All you have to do is let down at 45 degrees and that'll bring the photo sta parallel with the Runson—then you philla staffle back and you have it.

meter setting is 29.92 inches of mercury.

Another part of the course is the reading, interpreting and application of weather maps. Maps are made up at various stations over the country every six hours and when completed and colored give the pilot a picture of the weather across the entire country.

Each station reporting will have information plotted around it in this manner. Let us say the station is Memphis, and of course there will be dozens of others on the map. We find that at Memphis the temperature is 50°F, the dew point is 47°F, visibility is 4 miles, rain showers, wind from the northeast at 19-24 miles per hour, low strata cumulus clouds, four tenths of the sky covered by low clouds, 1200 to low clouds, pressure is 999.4 millibars, .2 millibar net gain in barometric pressure in past 3 hours, barometer has fallen then risen sharply, rain showers began 3 hours back and has rain .10 inch.

The other important phase studied here is the winds aloft reports. These reports give flyers winds at various stations across the country. These observations are made by sending small pilot balloons aloft and taking readings on their drift. They are made each 6 hours and are sent across the teletype network. A winds aloft report will look something like this: UC 17 01214 1318 21319 1422 4 1916 1920 62030.

This tells us that at Union City at 1700 o'clock the surface winds were from 120° at 14 miles per hour; at 1000 feet above the surface wind from 130° at 18 M.P.H.; 2000 feet wind from 130° at 19 M.P.H.; at 3000 feet wind from 140° at 22 M.P.H., etc. This information is necessary, of course, for accurate navigation of aircraft. Also, knowing winds at different altitudes may make the difference between making or not making your destination due to change in ground speed and fuel consumption.

—By Joe D. McClure

Seaplane Base

by A. Gremlin, Jr.

Cay Sillcocks almost had the dubious honor of representing the Seaplane Base in the official Fly Paper Dog House, but in her own inimitable way she talked us out of it. We foolishly lent an ear to a sad tale of "so much to do and, to add insult to injury, a lame back!"

However, we managed to get some information as to the comings and goings of the boys and girls at the MacArthur Causeway. Louise Marsh, a native Miamian, soloed one day last week, but we have heard nothing about the usual dunking.

However, Chapman Fielder Al Sutter *did* take a dip in the drink. But it wasn't a matter of a solo. He was just visiting and proceeded to slip on the runway and take an unplanned salt water bath.

New students are keeping the Dispatchers busy—they include Joyce Dickinson of Canada, Roy Avchen who also is taking Drafting and Design at Tech, and three Miami girls, Beth Lipscombe, Mary Inscho and Betty Morgan. The best of luck to all of you.

By the way, is Mary Jessup listening? We had a repercussion from the famous Boca Raton event—Mary inadvertently(?) landed at the Officers' Club there when she was on a cross country several weeks ago—a very attractive Lieutenant came calling, but Mary wasn't there!

We're sorry that Lorraine Mohny is indisposed—we hope that she and our correspondent recover from their ailments in a hurry.

P.S.—Who do you suppose is here taking a Commercial refresher? None other than our own Major Ernie Dwyer, who is head of the C.A.P. in Panama City.

FAITH

Continued from Page 4

he called on the Lord Jesus Christ he was supported.

The text illustrates the futility of faith in material and secular elements of life and the reliability of faith in things spiritual. It is not clothes which make the man, not money that makes success, not economic regulations that make prosperity, not moral codes that make righteousness, and not military might alone that brings victory. It is the inner condition of the heart of a man that generates the courage to achieve success, prosperity, righteousness and victory.

A faith that lives is an emulation of Jesus' faith. Therein is the only source of strength to withstand the sufferings of war, to face a world of hate and cruelty, to assure victory and an enduring peace.

—●—
If you take her for a walk
Be silent . . . don't talk!



AIRCRAFT ^{A N D} ENGINE DIVISION



ARCADIA OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

Joe Horton paid us a short visit this week. Glad to see him as always. Ted Nelson spent several days with us and I'm sure I speak for all in saying we were mighty glad to renew old acquaintance with Ted and sincerely hope his visits will be more frequent in the future.

There's no accounting for the disasters that befall a man when his wife is away. Charles McRae, for instance, came in one morning with his face in a sad condition and a likely story about a fight with a chicken. The missus has been visiting their son, Lt. Lawrence (Pinky) McRae, who is now stationed at Union City, Tenn. We hope she is enjoying her stay, but confidentially Charles resembles a lost cause since she's been gone.

Can you beat Louisa Taylor's luck? She won the bond for this month, which makes the second one for her. She was the first person to win a bond under the new set-up. We are wondering where she keeps her rabbit's foot. Anyway, congratulations, Louisa, you have proven that a perfect attendance record has its compensations.

A letter received from a former Overhaul employee, Pvt. Ray Prescott, states he is now stationed at Morrison Field, West Palm Beach. He also says he is getting along fine and likes Army life but wishes he could see the old gang back at Carlstrom. Red will be remembered as the red haired, good natured guy who worked in the Dope department way back when. I'm sure that all wish for him the very best of luck.

Our best wishes to Jancie and Curtis Gresham whose marriage was announced

Thursday. Jancie really pulled a fast one on us. We didn't know she had any marital notions until it was all over, but then this is leap year and anything can happen.

We are sorry to lose Frank Zetrouer and Johnny Sullivan, who are soon to enter the service. These boys have been with Overhaul almost, since the beginning and are well liked by all. Our best wishes go with them. We are sure that the War will soon be won now that they are shouldering guns.

A. D. D.'S

by Mary Frances Perner

Well, folks, how are you all today, two days after Income Tax Deadline Day? Your little girl friend here feels very proud of herself, having sent hers in last month. (That's just because I found they owe me and I'm anxious to get it back.)

Capt. Bacon is visiting his hometown now on a few days' leave on his way to Miami from Warner Robins Air Service Command. We miss you, Captain, and look for your quick return.

Gloria Odessa Dean and Rose Burke were called out of town unexpectedly and we hope it won't be long before they return.

Dorothy Keyser says, "I had a lovely time at the Dorr Field Graduation Dance and hope to go again soon."

Pat McNamara is almost over her accident with the french fries, and I believe Erma Dienes is due to leave the hospital any day.

We are expecting a visit from Major Hoffer of Warner Robins Air Service Command.

FIRE BRIGADE

The Tech-Overhaul Fire Brigade under Chief Charles Mack had an opportunity to test both their skill and equipment on a real fire last Thursday. A cord-wood yard and concrete block shop building on North West North River Drive caught fire and was a roaring mass of flame when Safety Director Henry Graves chanced by and saw an opportunity for ideal practice.

The Dade County Fire Department with its limited water supply and with a high wind blowing was concentrating its attention and equipment on the protection of surrounding properties. In danger also were many tons of scrap rubber in the yard of a salvage concern just across the highway and in the direct path of the wind-blown embers.

They eagerly accepted Mr. Graves' offer of assistance and the Tech night operator placed calls for the members of the Embry-Riddle Fire Department, the first of whom began to arrive even before the last call got through.

Twenty-five minutes later the pumper unit had been towed to the scene, the suction line placed in the Miami River, 40 feet of large fire hose laid and the nozzlemen were playing a 250-gallon-per-minute stream of water on the fire.

The foregoing speaks mighty well for our volunteer organization, particularly as the call went out at midnight when most of the boys were in bed. The County Fire Department members were greatly impressed by the functioning of the equipment and the efficiency of our brigade

Continued on next page



Scene of the conflagration to which the Tech-Overhaul Fire Brigade dashed to assist the Dade County Fire Department

WING FLUTTER

by Chester Aldorf

The Sheet Metal department is a beehive of activity these days, with the sound of drills and riveting hammers filling the air. It is here under the able supervision of Mr. Benson and Dave Ulrich that we find a wide variety of sheet metal repair work in progress.

Walking through the department, we see wings, ailerons, elevators, stabilizers, rudders and sometimes a fuselage section being repaired for the Army Air Corps.

Toward the back of the department we see a huge wing of a Navy transport, and off to one side on benches we see pontoons of the Company's seaplanes. Most of these components will require many hours of skilled workmanship to put them in serviceable condition.

All the work must meet exacting standards. It is double checked by the Embry-Riddle company Inspection department, and where Army work is involved, by the Army Inspectors.

It is no accident that this department does such expert work. It is the result of careful planning and unparalleled supervision.

It is with pleasure that we welcome Bertha Laibow, Bill De Shazo's charming new secretary, to our midst. Miss Laibow hails from Philadelphia, but she says that she likes Miami very much and intends to take up permanent residence here.

Joseph L. Wogec, District Supervisor of Field Service for the North American Aviation Company, paid us a return visit last week when he spent part of a day in the plant. We understand that Joe has been most helpful in supplying us with information regarding some of the North American components we are working on.

We offer our deepest and sincerest sympathy to Pitts Ingraham upon the loss of his father who passed away suddenly last week.

There was quite a celebration in the Frank Barba household last Sunday—it seems that it was their wedding anniversary.

Step right up, fellows, the cigars are on "Shorty" Morgan. A son and heir was born to the Morgans over the week end, a bouncing baby boy of eight pounds and some ounces.

The summer bowling league started off Wednesday night, with two reorganized teams from Aircraft Overhaul. The two teams are the Aircraft Owls and the Avengers. This league will be of eight weeks' duration and should give us some interesting matches.

FIRE BRIGADE

Continued from preceding page

which executed every move with perfect timing, order and effectiveness.

The only casualties were a pair of nozzlemen who, in their enthusiasm, backed into a large cactus plant in the adjoining lot.



BACK IN DECEMBER OF 1942, John Paul Riddle bowled the first ball to open the Embry-Riddle Bowling League. To the left is Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, Chatterette Rae Lane and Mrs. Charlie Ebbets, wife of the Chief of the Photographic Division. Back of Karen is "Red" Duncan, now an Instructor at the Technical School in Brasil.

Members called out and responding were Fire Chief Mack, Joe Henry, James Adams, Dell Haughn, John Brady, Ed Youmans, Howard Kipple, Warren Sanchez, Morris Dunn and R. C. Pooley. Mr. Graves, with his car (and we don't mean the ancient Ford) towed the pumper to the scene and assisted in traffic control during the two hours.

INSTRUMENTS

by Marge Rosebush

Every man who pushes a baby buggy once bragged that he *never* would. So, here I am writing Instrument Overhaul news, and what a tough assignment it is trying to follow up that versatile Walter Dick.

We are happy that the lovely Carrie Carter is back with us again. Mrs. Walter Dick arrived Friday night—that's why Dick was unusually cheerful on Saturday.

Helen McKee leaves this week to spend her vacation in Cleveland. Have a nice time, Helen, but hurry back. Max Lubin reported to Camp Blanding for his physical last week but was rejected. Their loss is our gain.

A lot has been written about our brave boys and girls overseas and we'll bet our chips they don't whimper nor ask any quarter when the going is tough. So ask yourself, "Am I doing my job to the best of my ability?" If you are, the day of judgment and defeat is drawing near for Hitler, Tojo and their mobs. Our boys must keep on fighting—we must keep on buying War Bonds until victory is won.

BOWLING RECORD

Bowling, one of the foremost sports in the field of industrial recreation in this country, certainly has proved popular among Embry-Riddle employees. So popular that it is believed Embry-Riddle has set a record for industrial bowling in the Miami area.

Since the opening night in December of 1942 when John Paul Riddle bowled the first ball, 1,424 teams have participated in organized play. That means 7,120 individual bowlers have participated in a total of 21,360 games.

Bowling has served as a good-will booster throughout the Company. It has afforded fun, exercise, and opportunities for employers and employees to know each other better. Embry-Riddle considers the leagues invaluable, and it is hoped that by next winter other industrial concerns will wish to join us in organizing a city-sponsored industrial bowling league.

The first league, made up of twenty-four teams, was taken by the Gableites, a team of officers of the AAFTTC at Embry-Riddle and officials of the Embry-Riddle company.

The next league was a split affair, with the Instrument Overhaul department winning the honors in one half and Engine Overhaul in the other.

The third league also was divided into "A" and "B" division, with the Tech School Permanent Party winning in the highest class and the Administration team annexing Class B honors.

The fourth league was divided into three divisions. The Aircraft Instructors team took the "A" league honors, Chapman Field won the "B" league and the Coliseum Volts won the "C" league.

The summer league found interest dwindling to sixteen teams. Two leagues were again organized, and the Gremlins took top place in the league for twelve teams while Corpo-Di-Baco 67½ finished in front in the league for four teams.

The fall league found sixteen teams vying for the Company championship, and again the Aircraft Instructors, most of whom now have been transferred to Brasil, won the championship. Those who have left the country have started a new Embry-Riddle bowling league in São Paulo.

The victory of the high-rolling Cylinders team from the Engine Overhaul department this week marked the completion of the seventh Embry-Riddle Bowling League. The Cylinders captured 30 of their 45 games to finish two games ahead of their nearest rivals who were locked in a three-way tie for second place. The Cylinders, besides winning first place, had the high team game with the score of 894 and the high team set of 2462.

Plans are now going forward under the direction of Charles Pelton for the new summer league which began last Wednesday night.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Cara Lee DaBoll

Due to conditions beyond my control and the fact that time and tide wait for no man, last week Chapman Chatter just missed the deadline by about 12 hours. I have been led to believe that the next time this "near miss" occurs I will be the topic of conversation in the "Habituary Column." My sponsors are unfair to my organized efforts to include not only a day's work in my schedule but also time to juggle the column, eat, sleep and make that dawn express.



"Cookie"

my organized efforts to include not only a day's work in my schedule but also time to juggle the column, eat, sleep and make that dawn express.

Nice Waco

The most interesting news of the past week was the initiation of a new Instructor. He is by name Bob Lape and has been taken into the friendly fold like a St. Bernard dog of the Arctic. Another item of widespread interest was the return of the prodigal Wacos, intact too. I went down and touched one. Some of the fellows who fondled them through Secondary-Instructor Courses are quite anxious to get back in for an acclimation C.O.

Jane Anderson left sunny (any reports to the contrary are groundless and fictitious) Chapman last week to return to New Jersey. She left regrets that the good-bye kisses she promised Al S. and Dave P. couldn't be delivered in person. This department though, being the catch-all for miscellaneous tasks and deeds, has been authorized to act as proxy in this matter. Ain't we lucky though! Write often, Jane, and let us know how Ish is doing.

We'd like to nominate as a candidate for the man most closely resembling a young tornado, Al Sutter. He is the jack-of-all-trades here at Chapman and besides man-

aging the Canteen he pinch-hits for all absentees, at which time he acts as a combination waiter, chef and bottle washer. In his spare time he keeps the grounds in order, purchases the Canteen supplies (which include fresh vegetables and fruit!) and fills the Coca-Cola machine. He fixes blown fuses and leaky pipes and stands guard at the gate when conditions necessitate.

He challenges his longevity by commuting from here to the Seaplane Base astride ole Bessie and mowing the grass on that tractor contraption. He's made us girls in Administration happy by planting beautiful marigolds in front of the office. And in his spare time he wins friends and influences people. Due thanks to Al and all the gang for the big improvements in the appearance and serving in the Canteen.

Silver bells, purple orchids and bountiful congratulations to Herb Muller and Nell Lennon who were married Sunday, March 12th. Two grand people to whom we wish all the best of luck.

Heavenly Wonders

We have two new additions in the Accounting Office. One is cute Ethel Jackson who transferred from the Colonnade and the other is an electrical calculator which Mr. deVay thinks must have been sent as an answer to a prayer. The Accounting Office now sounds like the east side of Engine Overhaul and if it weren't for the electric switch being in the office the thing would run all day.

An obstinate gadget—it adds, multiplies, subtracts and divides, it says here in small fine print. The dividing feature is still rather doubtful for you never get the same answer twice. Anyone having knowledge of how one goes about dividing on this intricate noise machine, please see Mr. deVay immediately before he tears his hair (that's singular) out.

Speaking of nerve-racking problems, we



SAMBO DINES AT CHAPMAN, while his mistress, Instructor Helen Cavis, is up in the wild blue yonder.

have a couple of cases for the institution. Filing income tax returns has been the business of the day with Mr. Gibbons as the legal advisor. Those who have credit due are resting comfortably, but a few others are beyond help. It has been suggested that the W.P.A. (Weary Pilots' Association) be reincarnated to take care of these cases.

Has anybody noticed Student Skip Selby's new haircut? It's really murder. Appears as if she had been clipped by a revolving propeller. This new creation provided quite a break in the monotonous regularity of things and we thank Skip for a good laugh. We advise, however, that the next time she cuts it she use a mirror at least.

Hold It, Dave

And so we come to the end of this week's column and would love ever so much to tell you about the day Dave "Speedy" Narrow, so eager to fly, took off neglecting to untie the tail wheel and if Chapman hadn't been well anchored at all four corners we'd all have been flying, but then that's such old news we'd better close for now. Roger Out.

Friend: "Your wife is a very fine woman."

Fisherman (absent-mindedly): "You should have seen the one that got away!"



THREE MORE MILES TO CHAPMAN!

DORMITORY LIFE

by Edith Bubas

We have another new member at the Menores Dormitory and a very interesting one at that. Her name is Beatrice Mendel and she hails from New York City. Beatrice is from Czechoslovakia where she studied medicine for two years at the University of Prague and the University of Brussels.

She left her country five years ago to come to New York to study ex-ray and she pursued this profession until she became air-minded. Now her main ambition is to get into the WASPS. Good luck to you, Beatrice.

Things have been especially quiet at 235 Majorca now that Bette Moffat has deserted us to live with her folks in Miami Beach. Betty Joost looks completely lost but no more so than the rest of us. Gee, Bette, just when we found out that you once were a dancing teacher! Please hurry back.

Surprise Visit

Skip "Harriet" Selby had a surprise visit from her brother whom she hadn't seen for two years. She was so excited that she tumbled down the stairs with M. Humphries tumbling after. Say, Skip, what really happened to your clothes? Can you throw any light on the subject, Miss Humphries?

What's this? Is someone at Menores taking up singing? I happened to be going by the other morning and I heard a beautiful love song. Pepe, why didn't you tell us?

We had another shower victim the other day—none other than our gay little Robbie Papenwell. Robbie soloed on the 9th and you know what happens to girls who solo. Anyway, it took four girls to dunk her! These modern women!

Is It a Bird?

Early every morning, at 7:30 to be exact, something or other comes flying down the stairs. What manner of man could this unearthly noise suggest? Is it a bird? A plane? No, it's just Edith Chapman rushing out to catch the bus. I do declare, some day she is going to miss that top step. Dagwood Bumstead has nothing on that girl.

Betty Joost and Bonnie Bonner went bowling the other night and now the Dorm reeks of Dr. Muscle's Oil. Incidentally, Betty, what makes this building tremble so at night?

Say, has anyone seen Topsy Gaston lately? Who is it who is monopolizing her time? I asked her and she, giving that "out of this world" look, said, "He's



JIVING AT THE GIRL'S DORM are Flight Students "Topsy" Gaston, left, and Edith Bubas, author of this week's Dormitory column.

just a lil' ol' cay-det!" And away she went.

Mrs. Sessions, our wonderful and ever so patient housemother at Majorca, is in the Miami Hospital. Karen Draper is going to take her place until she is well enough to return. Karen will take care of things beautifully, Mrs. Sessions, but please hurry and get well.

Parting shot: Flattery is soft soap, and soap is 90 per cent lye.



But there's nothing quite so tragic as the person who is miscast in his work. To go places in any field, you have to be enthusiastic about your job and the future it holds. You should be able to look ahead with confidence to years of growth and advancement.

Have you ever seen a person in the field of Aviation who wasn't enthusiastic about his work? Think it over—maybe you should steer for a career in this fastest growing of all industries. If you do, Embry-Riddle has a lot to offer you.



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